

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

THERE'S A TALE BEHIND "GOGGLES AND ME"

JUST A DOG—
A KID—AND
A CAMERA



IN No. 2 of "Good Morning" you will remember the picture we showed you of "Goggles and Tony" and our promise to tell you more. Here's the start of the tale, but we have lots more left to tell.

It's the tale of almost any pup—and of almost any pup's pal. The generations seem to go together, if you get what we mean. It is only the circumstances which differ.

It Starts in Cornwall

Take, for instance, a place called Launceston, in Cornwall—maybe, if you're from the North (as I was until I came South), you wouldn't know it. But Tony, who is the "me" in "Goggles and Me," is the typical kid who was evacuated when Jerry was doing his worst, especially around Tony's home. Well, at Launceston, Tony met a pal. It wasn't Goggles, but it was a bullpup, to which tribe Goggles is somewhere connected.

In Tony's own words, "He looked somewhat frolicious—but you could always get the ball from him without getting bit!" Anyway, Tony came home—and he evidently missed his bullpup—for, going one day into a Fleet Street tavern where we are prone to have the hurried "sandwich-plus," up to us

★ "Quick, Goggles, before anybody sees us"—and so the pup gets another dainty morsel which was intended for Tony's tummy.
★

bounds this somewhat unusually marked and unusually lovable hound, followed by a piping bellow from a nearby table which said, "Down, Goggles—come here."

We Meet Tony

Sure enough, Goggles forgot entirely our august presence and turned tail, trotting with a very waggling gait towards a table in the "eats section" of the tavern, where a small boy was having his lunch "on the house."

That was Tony. Tony, I should here explain, is the son of mine host and hostess of the tavern—the "King and Keys" in Fleet Street. Well, now you can see part of the story. Small lad comes home—and they don't kill the fatted calf—they buy the playful pup to replace the pal he's left at Launceston! But, believe me, that Launceston lad had nothing on Goggles. Not a thing. How do I know? Tony told me so. He told me confidentially and in no uncertain terms that Goggles is the best pup ever, and without any hesitation whatsoever I agreed.

The Dark Deed is Done

So Goggles went back to that table. It's an old story—just like the princess feeding the king's prisoner, or anybody else disobeying rules for someone they love. Tony was given

a lunch that only a fond mother could cook with her own hands, and told (as only a fond mother can tell) to finish it right up.

But there was Goggles—and mother wasn't looking—and Goggles had such pathetic, brown, rolling eyes...

Fortunately, we were there—and our cameraman, George Greenwell, was able to obtain evidence enough to put Tony to bed two hours before black-out, if we cared to show it—but, of course, we wouldn't.

From that moment we knew we were on the track of a story which was right here on our doorstep—that here were a couple of young 'uns who MUST have some interesting times "off the record."

And how right we were! A few minutes' conversation with Tony and with Tony's mother told us that things were happening daily here which were much more interesting than the unveiling of a statue to the by-gone mayor.

George Greenwell's camera did the rest, and his pictures will continue the story of "Goggles and Me" in an early issue of "Good Morning."

Rats—to Reason!

To illustrate the complete understanding between Goggles and his young master, here is a story Tony's mother told us. She sent Tony out with five

shillings to buy some rat poison (journalists may have been getting too plentiful!) and she also suggested that, as Tony was going to a shop which also sold dog-leads, he might enquire the price of them.

Well, in about two hours' time, back came Tony, proudly leading Goggles on the end of a super leather lead, with gleaming chromium swivel clasp, and a new collar. He said it had cost five shillings—and he had brought back a quotation for the rat poison! You get the idea? It's Goggles first with Tony every time—and, believe us, it's the same the other way round. Customers at the Tavern may tempt the tyke with tit-bits and caresses, but when Tony pipes up from the recesses of the cellar or some other private precinct, even a dog's greed is forgotten, and four lanky legs carry a speeding body and two black eyes towards the source of his master's voice.

If you're ever passing through London, submariners—pop in and see Goggles and Tony. They're there and they're real, and we can assure you that there is certain to be a special tail-wag for any submariner who says "Good Morning" to Goggles.



I get around

By
RONALD RICHARDS

TWO pioneers died recently; both men made thousands of pounds—both men died penniless. They gave their brains, their fortunes and their lives to the nation.

The first, Mr. Robert W. Paul, who invented a movie projector, and did more to make the cinema possible than any other man except Edison.

The other, Mr. Alfred Edward Creese, father of the first British monoplane, the first motor car self-starter, and of actress Rene Ray, who devoted his life to patents and inventions for the benefit of other people.

In 1896 Creese patented a motor car. He invented a self-starter in 1904, and held patents for the earliest types of pneumatic shock absorbers, variable pitch airscrews, and expanding aircraft wings.

In the pioneer days of motor-ing he caused a sensation by driving a car backwards round Brooklands at 40 m.p.h. Once he drove a car up the Crystal Palace steps.

His greatest achievement, however, came in the early days of flying, when he was striving to perfect a monoplane. He used to tell how his associates, Cody and the Wright brothers, told him he would never do it.

But at Olympia, in 1910, he was awarded a medal after flying his own monoplane at Blackpool.

To convince sceptics that his self-starter was genuine, he floated a company to put it on the market. The slump in industry came, and his company went bankrupt.

He carried on, and in recent years he had been working on a form of motive power for aircraft that would not need

petrol, but he did not live to perfect the idea.

He lived with his daughter at Ewell Road, Cheam, Surrey.

His daughter was Rene Ray, the talented young actress of stage and screen.

Paul put his invention on the music-halls, and built the first British film studio, at New Southgate, in 1896.

Like most of the film pioneers, Paul did not reap any fortune from his invention, which he regarded as a sideline.

He was honoured for his work in electrical measuring instruments. With Sir William Bragg, he devised a pulsator for treating paralysis in breathing. It has saved many lives.

He was 73, and his home was in Sidmouth.

DEFINITELY disagreeing with most Sunday newspaper film critics, who claim that British films are now better than those from over the pond, I do, however, agree that the future of our film industry has great promise. True, the League of Nations showed promise, too, but as the man in the street has far more interest in the casting of his films than he has for the delivery of red, white and blue papers, this should materialise.

Sir Alexander Korda and his wife, Merle Oberon, have been on the move recently, and their comb-out of Hollywood has resulted in at least seven leading U.S. stars coming here in the near future. Such names as Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Lionel Barrymore, Hedy Lamarr, and Judge Hardy's kid Mickey Rooney, are on the list.

Sir Alexander told the Hollywood Press recently that he

had a free hand to develop in England a studio as lavish as the M.G.M. studio in the U.S. "My aim," he said, "is to make the maximum number of films possible in England. My target



Miss Lana Turner

is double the number of films I have made in the last decade."

I am all for this Anglo-U.S. film co-operation, of course, but what is the difference between a film of Americans made in America and a film of Americans made in England? Haven't we any talent here?

AN admirable example of "the show must go on" spirit was shown by Firewoman Peggy Mitchell at a recent N.F.S. variety show at the London H.Q.

Amateurishly glaring hard at the head of the microphone, and frantically trying to crush the stem between her hands, she was enchanting the audience of 300 with "Must You Dance," when the klaxon sounded a fire call.

I do not know how long our sleep lasted, but it must have been a long time, for it rested us completely from our fatigues. I awoke first. My companions had not yet moved.

Nothing was changed in the room. The prison was still a prison, and the prisoners prisoners. The steward, profiting by our sleep, had cleared the supper-things away. Nothing indicated an approaching change in our position, and I asked myself seriously if we were destined to live indefinitely in that cage.

This prospect seemed to me the more painful because, though my head was clear, my chest was

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about. That is... not being talked about.

Oscar Wilde.

Men and women sprang from their seats, engines drowned her voice as they got off the mark, most people decided they wanted a cigarette, the band played on, and Peggy, letting her nervous left foot tap spread all over her to develop into a sort of semi-trucking movement, let go the stem and switched over to "Lullaby of Broadway."

It was a false alarm, and Peggy was still singing when the crews returned.

Incidentally, this was one of the brightest C.D. shows I have seen.

Produced by the brothers Will and Pat Curran, the all-Fire Force cast included Gray and Taylor, the acrobatic comedians, who in peace time were known as Lester and Mills; Vic Hotchkiss and his Punch and Judy show, which you might have seen at Margate; and Don Cumley, a young baritone.

In addition to duties, this band of ex-professionals and enthusiastic amateurs frequently do five shows a week at military hospitals and military camps.

oppressed. The heavy air weighed upon my lungs. We had evidently consumed the larger part of the oxygen the cell contained, although it was large.

It was, therefore, urgent to renew the atmosphere of our prison and most likely that of the submarine boat also. Thereupon a question came into my head. "How did the commander of this floating dwelling manage?"

I was reduced to multiplying my respirations to extract from our cell the small quantity of oxygen it contained, when, suddenly, I was refreshed by a current of fresh air, loaded with saline odours. It was a sea breeze, life-giving, and charged with iodine. At the same time I felt the boat roll, and the iron-plated monster had evidently just ascended to the surface of the ocean to breathe like the whales. When I had breathed fully, I looked for the ventilator which had brought us the beneficent breeze, and, before long, found it.

I was making these observations when my two companions awoke nearly at the same time, doubtless through the influence of the reviving air.

"Did monsieur sleep well?" Conseil asked me with his usual politeness.

"Very well, old fellow. And you, Mr. Land?"

"Profoundly, Mr. Professor. But I am not mistaken, I am breathing a sea breeze."

A seaman could not be mistaken in that, and I told the Canadian what had happened while he was asleep.

"That accounts for the roarings we heard when the supposed narwhal was in sight of the Abraham Lincoln."

"Yes, Mr. Land, that is its breathing."

"I have not the least idea what time it can be, M. Aronnax, unless it be dinner time."

"Dinner time, Ned? Say breakfast time at least, for we have certainly slept something like twenty-four hours."

"Anyway," said the harpooner, "I am devilishly hungry, and, dinner or breakfast, the meal does not arrive!"

"What is the use of complaining?" asked Conseil.

"It does one good to complain! And if these pirates think that they are going to keep me in this cage where I am stifled without hearing how I can swear, they are mistaken. Come, M. Aronnax, speak frankly. Do you think they will keep us long in this iron box?"

"I think that hazard has made us masters of an important secret. If it is the interest of the crew of this submarine vessel to keep it, and if this interest is of more consequence than the life of three men, I believe our existence to be in great danger. In the contrary case, on the first opportunity, the monster who has swallowed us will send us back to the world inhabited by our fellow-men."

"Unless he enrols us amongst his crew," said Conseil, "and he keeps us thus—"

"Until some frigate," replied Ned Land, "more rapid or more skilful than the Abraham Lincoln, masters this nest of plunderers, and sends its crew and us to breathe our last at the end of his mainyard."

It was better to admit the proposition of the harpooner than to discuss it. So I contented myself with answering—

"Let such circumstances come, Mr. Land, and we will see. But until they do I beg of you to contain your impatience. We can only act by stratagem, and you will not make yourself master of favourable chances by getting in a rage. Promise me, therefore, that you will accept the situation without too much anger."

"I promise you, professor," answered Ned Land, in a not very assuring tone; "not a violent word shall leave my mouth, not an angry movement shall betray me, not even if we are not waited
Continued on page 2.

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from
the Novel by
Jules Verne

Periscope Page

How to Write a Song

By HUGH CHARLES

MOST people can write a song, but very few succeed in getting it published. Don't expect that all you have to do is to post your song to a publisher or an artist and then sit back and wait until a fat cheque comes through the post.

Song-writing is a highly competitive business and publishers are flooded with material. It is difficult to get a hearing, and unless your song has a very striking title or tune, it may easily be swamped by all the others. The most satisfactory thing to do, although it is the most difficult, is to get an interview with a publisher, then play over or sing your song. At this stage you need to be more a salesman than a song-smith.

Most of all, beware of the "phony" publisher, the firm who will publish your song if you pay for it. If your song is worth publishing it is worth money, so if you get a flattering letter from a publisher saying how excellent your song is, but inviting you to speculate part cost of the printing—say "No." None of the reputable publishers work on this basis. If they accept your song, they will pay you a royalty or a lump sum.

The other way to get published is to create a market for a song beforehand, that is, to get it broadcast several times and direct the attention of publishers to the broadcast. Here again you need skilful salesmanship, because you have to persuade dance band leaders and artists that your song is above the average and particularly suited to them. They, in their turn, are subject to the persistent attentions of the music publishers' representatives ("song-pluggers," as they are called), so it will not be easy. But if your song is outstanding enough it will eventually get a hearing and an airing. Then your battle is half-won. Once published, your selling job is over; the rest you can leave to the song-pluggers.

The point about this is that you can get a lot of fun writing songs to amuse your friends, but if you want to become a professional songwriter you're up against a stern, tough market. Like everything else, if you are really good at your job you'll get through. If your stuff has nothing new in it, well, it's pretty hopeless. So make up your mind whether you're writing songs for fun or for the great British public.

The public are much harder to please than your friends, but if the urge is on you, and you have the ability, the day will come when Mr. and Mrs. Public will hum and sing and whistle your song.



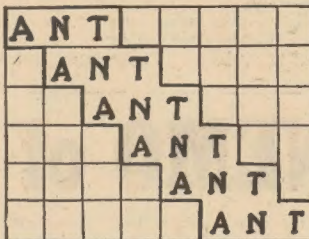
Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

Puzzle Parade

The letters given below should be placed (in their right order) in the vacant squares so that they complete six eight-letter words:—

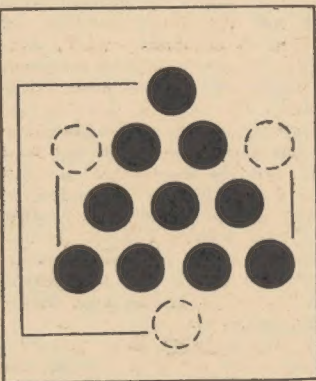
1. SEQU.
2. LOWYN.
3. IGNLS.
4. CEDER.
5. PLIMS.
6. CREMH.



A PROVERB IN CODE

A well-known proverb is here set down in code. Each letter represents its "next-door neighbour" in the alphabet. Decoding experts barred.

FZQMX SP AFC DBSKZ
UN SHRF.



SOLUTION TO PROBLEM IN No. 6.

ANSWER TO QUIZ No. 6

1. Robert Louis Stevenson.
2. Caesar, in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."
3. James Hadley Chase.
4. "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
5. Mount Ararat.
6. Ham, Shem and Japheth.
7. Iron ore, coke and limestone.
8. September 3rd, 1939.
9. Pacific Ocean.
10. Countess Reventlow (Barbara Hutton).
11. Cuba.
12. Weber.

JANE



Aggie: "My husband is nearly dead and I can't get him any medicine."

Martha: "But surely the chemists are not all shut?"

Aggie: "No, but the pubs are."

Follow the BRAINS TRUST NEMO of the NAUTILUS

WITH HOWARD THOMAS

Continued from page 1.

"WHAT exactly is the missing link in the chain of evolution?" This is how the question was tackled by the B.B.C. Brains Trust:—

Julian S. Huxley: "The term 'missing link' was used, once the theory of evolution had been accepted, for the hypothetical organism which would bridge the gap between human and pre-human man and his ape-like ancestral form. To-day, all that gap has been largely bridged. The nearest to what people meant by 'the missing link' is the famous Pithecanthropus, which is just about half-way between an ape and a man in its bodily form, shape of skull and size of brain. Perhaps it is a little on the ape side. Then there is Pekin man, and some others found recently which are definitely on the human side, and others which, though definitely apes, are more human than any species of ape alive to-day. The link is no longer missing."

C. E. M. Joad: "I want to ask Huxley a question. Is the evidence sufficient to enable one definitely to turn down what is called the Doctrine of Fixed Types—that is to say, that there are certain real clefts that go between the human species and its nearest animal relation? If that were true, of course, there would be no missing link, because there would be no bridge across the cleft. Do we know enough definitely to turn that down?"

Julian S. Huxley: "No, the doctrine of Fixed Types is as dead as mutton—killed by the facts. With regard to man and apes, the resemblances are extraordinarily close, apart from brain size, and even in that particular character the gap has been bridged. On that point, the most interesting thing is that the essential difference between the human and the ape brain is almost entirely a quantitative one—a difference in the size of the areas of the brain which have to do with association of ideas."

upon at table with desirable regularity."

Then the conversation was suspended, and each of us began to reflect on his own account. I acknowledge that, for my own part, I did not see any means of leaving this iron cell so hermetically closed. And should the strange commander of the boat have a secret to keep—which appeared at least probable—he would not allow us freedom of movement on board. Would he get rid of us by violence, or would he throw us upon some corner of earth?



I understood, though, that Ned Land should get more exasperated with the thoughts that took possession of his brain. I heard him swearing in a gruff undertone, and saw his looks again become threatening. Moreover, time was going, hunger was cruelly felt, and this time the steward did not appear. If they had really good intentions towards us they had too long forgotten our shipwrecked condition.

The hopes that I had conceived after our interview with the commander of the vessel vanished one by one. The gentle look of this man, the generous expression of his face, the nobility of his carriage, all disappeared from my memory. I again saw this enigmatical personage such as he must necessarily be, pitiless and cruel. I felt him to be outside the pale of humanity, inaccessible to all sentiment of pity, the implacable enemy of his fellow-men, to whom he had vowed imperishable hatred.

I felt myself invaded by unreasoning fear. Conseil remained calm. Ned was roaring. At that moment a noise was heard outside. Steps clanged on the metal slabs. The bolts were withdrawn, the door opened, the steward appeared.

Before I could make a movement to prevent him the Canadian had rushed upon the unfortunate fellow, knocked him down, and fastened on his throat. The steward was choking under his powerful hand.

Conseil was trying to rescue his half-suffocated victim from the hands of the harpooner, and I was going to join my efforts to his, when, suddenly, I was riveted to my place by these words spoken in French:—

"Calm yourself, Mr. Land, and you, professor, please to listen to me."

(Continued to-morrow)

Humming Bee

A HUMMING BEE is good fun for all musical tastes. Each member of the two teams is given a tune to hum, and you can arrange your choice of music so that the highbrow gets a classic at which to try his memory, and the lowbrow gets a "pop" tune. Better still, if the highbrow is especially good at spotting the symphonies, see how he fares with one of the swing classics.

This is one of the occasions when a special Question Master may need to be appointed, for musical knowledge, to spot and check the tunes. Operation is simple. The Question Master has a list of tunes, and, one by one, the competitors (with closed lips and clenched fists) have to do their best to hum the tune in a recognisable way. It is easy enough to choose the tunes, but here are one or two to start you off. The more varied the list the better, and if you can bring in grand opera as well as Tin Pan Alley's latest piece of nonsense, a good time, as they say, will be had by all.

TUNES FOR HUMMING BEE

1. Theme from the Warsaw Concerto.
2. Miss Annabelle Lee.
3. Polly Wolly Doodle.

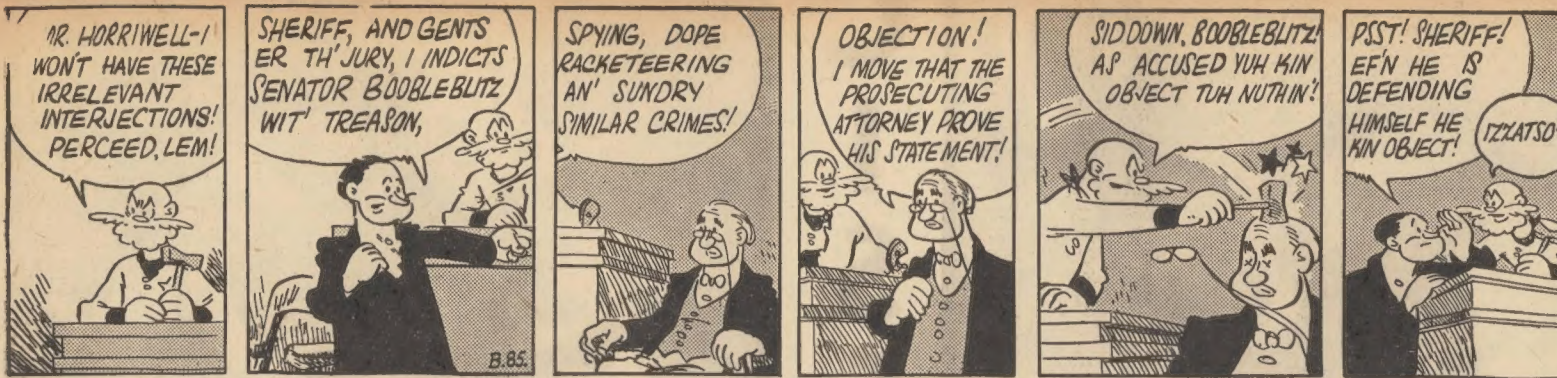
4. Beethoven's Sonata "Pathétique."
5. Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony.
6. These Foolish Things.
7. Stardust.
8. Jersey Bounce.
9. Mendelssohn's Wedding March.
10. Tchaikovsky's Pianoforte Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor.
11. Thanks for the Memory.
12. Drink to Me Only.
13. How About You.
14. "Shenandoah."
15. Nola.
16. Purcell's Trumpet Voluntary.
17. Beethoven's Minuet in G.
18. Waltz of the Flowers, from Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite.
19. Moonlight Becomes You.
20. Yes, We Have No Bananas.
21. The Man I Love.
22. Hall of the Mountain Kings, from Grieg's "Peer Gynt."
23. Schumann's Traumerei.
24. Blues in the Night.

SPORTS QUIZ

ASK YOURSELF—

- Q. 1. Who is President of the Football Association? (Score two points for correct answer.)
- Q. 2. In 1938, a record transfer fee of £14,000 was paid for a player. Who paid it—and for whom? (One point for each.)
- Q. 3. Is the numbering of players permissible in League football? Is it compulsory? (One point for each.)
- Q. 4. Which is the youngest League club in length of membership? (Two points.)
- Q. 5. What is the individual goal-scoring record for the Football League in one season? Who holds it? (One point each.)

Beelzebub Jones



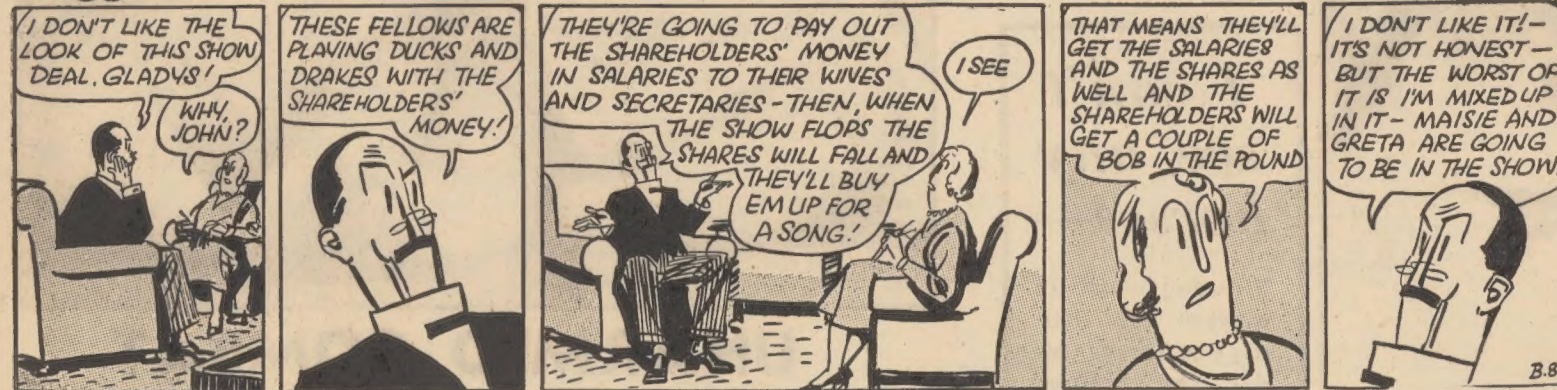
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Take a Tip— SIGHTING IN SNOOKER

By JOE DAVIS

YOU want to play better snooker, but you haven't time for practice. I know! Then I'll give you tips you can weave into your style, tips which will make you play better. Let's talk about sighting to-day.

Most players take their line from the cue ball to the object ball. Some take it from the cue-tip. But I believe in rifle-sighting. I sight from the bridge. Ever tried that? Of course, you see the value of it at once—the bridge is farther back, and it must be a more accurate sighting point because it's like the back-sight of your rifle.

You need every possible aid to accuracy, for potting

is much harder than making cannons. Having worked out in your mind the correct angle of contact, have your preliminary waggles—not before.

And then, when you make your shot, make it with a nice, easy action. It's difficult to explain just what I mean by an easy action, I'll admit, but in all ball games the sense of rhythm counts. It means that there must be no undue hurry, nor too much hesitancy. Stabbing is a deadly crime. A half-hearted stroke is just as bad. If you feel you lack rhythm, try to remember to strike through the ball and not at it; then you'll get smoothness and follow-through. Stay down after the stroke. Firmness, but not rigidity—that's the style to aim at in everything you do.

HEARD THIS ONE?

The rather timid soldier squared his shoulders determinedly. "Well, sarg," he bawled, "I've been waiting to get this off my chest for some time. You're a bullet-headed, ugly, ignorant chunk of hog-flesh." He paused for breath, staggered at his own daring. Then he dived out of the telephone kiosk and legged it up the street.

We were mine-sweeping, "somewhere in the North Sea," and Nobby, on look-out and scared stiff, saw mines in everything.

"Ere's one," he gulped, spotting a dark blob on the broken water ahead.

Tug Wilson, fed up with Nobby's windy observations, sniffed disdainfully as the blob passed quietly beneath the trawler.

"Was it?" panted Nobby. Tug spat viciously downwind. "If it 'ad bin," he snapped, "you wouldn't 'ave 'arst me."

"Have you any explanation for wandering about at this time of the night?" asked a policeman of a man he met in the black-out.

"Look here," replied the man, "if I had an explanation I'd have gone home to the wife long ago."

The good-looking A.B. had been looking through all the Christmas cards in the shop, yet he seemed uncertain as to which he should choose.

"Here's a lovely sentiment," said the young sales-lady: "To the only girl in the world I ever loved."

"Splendid," cried the sailor. "I'll take a dozen of those, please."

Commander's wife, at cocktail party: "Where's that pretty maid who was handing the cocktails round a minute ago?"

Hostess: "Are you looking for a drink?"

Commander's Wife: "No, no, my dear—I'm looking for the Commander."

They Say—What Do You Say?

THE present status of a housewife is that of a serf. Many unhappy marriages would not be so if it were not for the bugbear of money. The housewife should be a financial partner with her husband; income should be pooled—part of it for living allowance and the rest to be shared.

Miss Juanita Frances.

THE interest being taken in the designing of country houses so that the characteristics of the English countryside may be retained seems rather disproportionate, because the majority of us have to live in towns, and there still seems to be no real hope that the towns of the future will be at all beautiful.

Mr. Charles S. Perkins.

THE plain nutrition, brought about by war conditions, has had more to do with the good health of the people than any other factor.

Sir Wilson Jameson.

SINCE the time of "the Lady with the Lamp" the public has been willing to accord a halo to nurses. But even ministering angels need something more solid than a halo as a basis for life.

Mr. J. W. Mason, M.P.

CHINA is the richest country in the world. In spite of the long war in which they are engaged, the Chinese people are being prepared to accept a new constitution which perhaps will be the best democratic organisation in the world, and from which we, with our old-fashioned democracy, may learn something.

Lord Teviot.

JUST as it is necessary to bring education up to date, so there is need to bring industry up to date. The dirty and least congenial jobs have always been the worst paid. Conditions in our workshops have to be made such as we would wish for our children.

Mr. George Tomlinson, M.P.

IN past generations, parsons usually had private means, and the present unpopularity of the Church as a profession is due to the aftermath of the last war and the reluctance of public school and the university authorities to encourage men who are financially able to enter the Church.

Mr. K. B. M. Churchill.

THERE are many women who have no capacity for marriage—that is to say, for living with and looking after men; no patience to listen to their boasting, and their "funny stories," or tolerance to put up with their foul pipes, carpet slippers, and general slovenliness about the house—who would nevertheless make first-rate mothers. Why, then, saddle the right to have a child with the obligation to look after and live with a man?

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

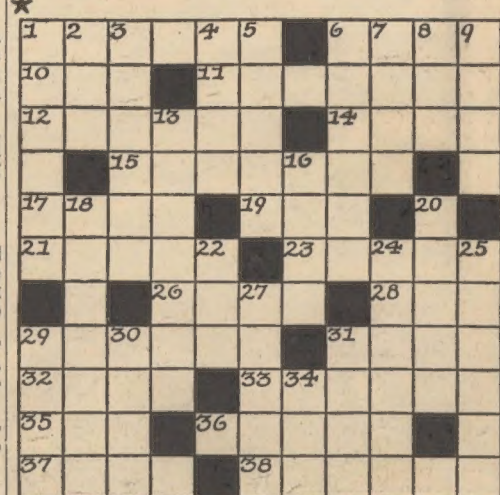
IT should be our policy to market the skill of our craftsmen, which the world values and needs; we should not try to compete in cheap things.

Sir Westcott Abell.

ONE of the biggest reasons why there has never yet been a real policy for the land is that the farmer who knows his job is almost invariably inarticulate when it comes to putting forward his views on a high plane.

Mr. G. A. Worth.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Place for food.
- 6 Wander.
- 10 A.
- 11 Varied.
- 12 Went awheel.
- 14 Make specious.
- 15 Melodious.
- 17 Black.
- 19 Groove.
- 21 Portable light.
- 23 Gold and Silver.
- 26 Golfer's objective.
- 28 Mineral.
- 29 Cure.
- 31 Farm animals.
- 32 Poems.
- 33 Itineraries.
- 35 Triumphed.
- 36 Pale Fawn.
- 37 Complacent.
- 38 Vehicle on runners.

Solution Problem in No. 6.

GABY DEFECT
LOOSED ROE
PEAK NIGGLE
REP FOOLS
ODD ARIA A
DESTRUCTORS
RAGE USK
JALAP SET E
ENAMEL FLEW
EGG TITLER
RESIST STAY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Ornamental case.
- 2 Some.
- 3 Parson
- 4 Delightful abode.
- 5 Jockey.
- 6 Prove error of.
- 7 Spoken.
- 8 Request.
- 9 Submissive.
- 13 Meals.
- 16 Chafe.
- 18 Ennui.
- 20 Freight boat.
- 22 Builder's trough.
24. Sounded horn.
- 25 Tenant.
- 27 Stringed instruments.
- 29 Ranks.
- 30 Food list.
- 31 Enormous.
- 34 Lubricant.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

There's a glare and a Blair on the beach. Personally we wouldn't mind the glare if we were on the same beach as Janet, the Columbia star, who never fails to affect our navigation when she is "Showing to-day."

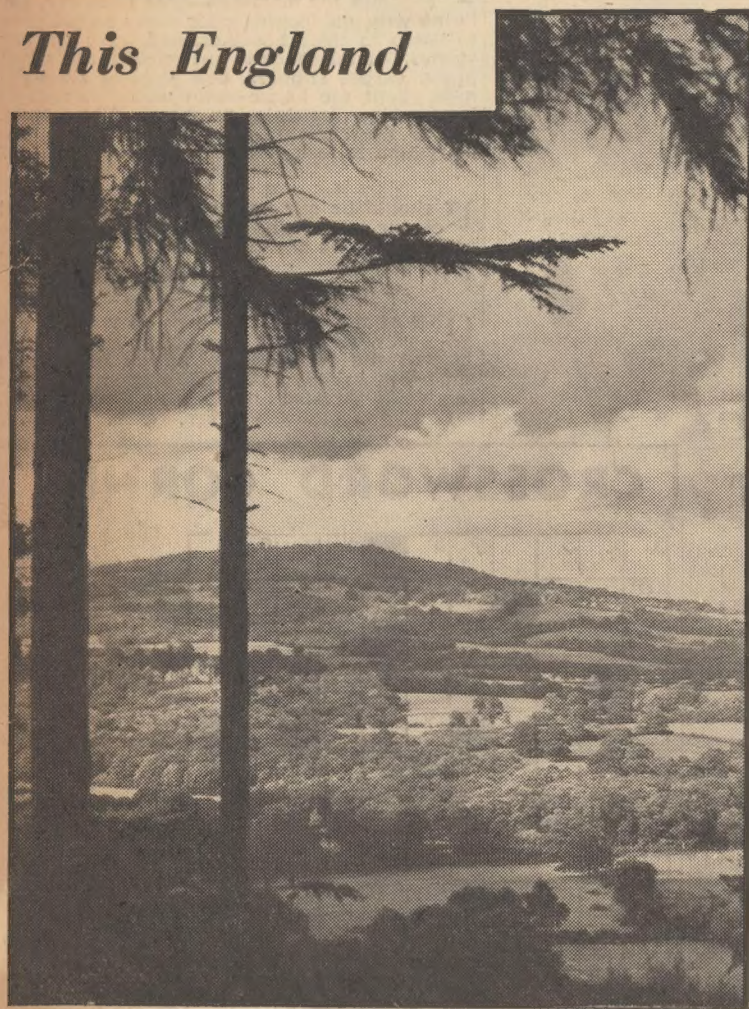


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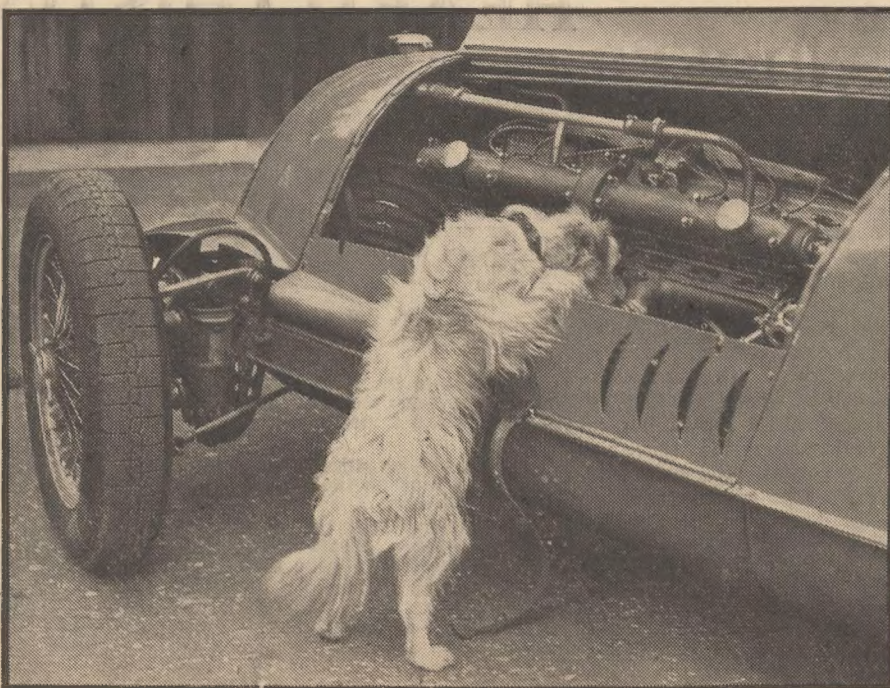
The old hard-bitten deep-sea diver obviously has little time for his friend on the float.

This England

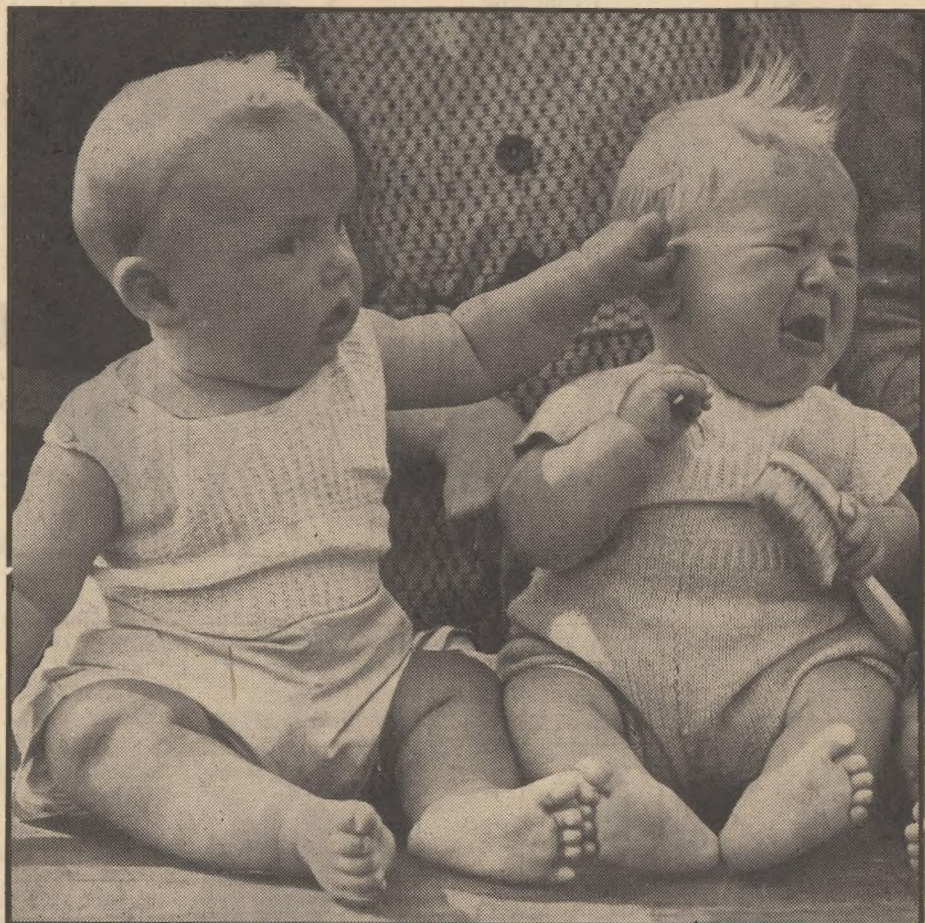


I can't see any horses—

This dog heard his master say that it's the horses under the bonnet that count.



A view from Midhurst Hill, Sussex. "Dear old Sussex by the sea," strangely enough, endears itself to one's heart by its Downs and villages, most of us know so well. Long Man Hill, at Willington. The snugness of Alfriston, of East Dean and Jevington . . . and who can forget the charm of Ye Olde Felbridge at East Grinstead. Aye, it's a grand county—part of the grandest country.



UNARMED COMBAT

This method of attacking an opponent armed with a hairbrush has much to recommend it. You simply seize the right ear with the left hand, and twist. If it comes off, it's yours.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Dogs are daft anyway!"

